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MARTIN HARRIS AND ANTHON.

We have before us a copy of the Christian Standard, a paper published at Cincinnati, Ohio, in which a contributor has an article on "The Book of Mormon Characters." It appears under the caption, "An Old Mormon Lion Cornered and Slaughtered," a not very elegant heading for a "Christian" periodical. The writer, who, by the way, professes to love the sport of "killing" an opponent, and who concludes his "Christian" literary effort by boasting that he has "not only knifed to the heart, but twisted the blade in the wound," the claim that the Book of Mormon makes, undertakes to prove that Professor Anthon has been grossly misrepresented in "Mormon" accounts of the famous interview with Martin Harris. But he only succeeds in adding to the confusion that already exists among non-"Mormon" writers on that topic.

It is customary with such writers to present what they claim to be a facsimile of the "Characters" that Martin Harris took to Professor Anthon. But these facsimiles differ considerably. An early reproduction of the "characters" is found in The Prophet, a publication of which Parley P. Pratt was the editor. If there is a genuine copy in existence, this would naturally be the one. But the non-"Mormon" reproductions are, as a rule, different from it. The copy reproduced from The Prophet contains only three lines. The so-called facsimile in the Standard contains five lines, and the alleged facsimile in "The Founder of Mormonism" by Mr. Riley, has seven lines. And that is not all. On a closer examination it will be found that the lines that are supposed to correspond with each other are quite different. They do not contain the same number of letters, or signs. And the form of some of the signs supposed to be the same, is not the same. There is a marked difference in several of them.

Nor does non-"Mormon" testimony agree as to other particulars concerning the paper in the possession of Martin Harris. Mr. Riley tells us that the copy was first submitted to "a local pundit," who described it as "a slip of paper which contained three or four lines of characters, as unlike letters or hieroglyphics of any sort as could be produced were one to shut up his eyes and play off the most antic movements with his pen upon paper." This was the impression of the expert whom Mr. Riley designates "the local pundit." But when Professor Anthon saw the paper he got another impression. He says, as quoted by Mr. Riley: "It consisted of all kinds of crooked characters, disposed of in columns, and had evidently been prepared by some person who had before him at the time a book containing various alphabets. Greek and Hebrew letters, crosses and flourishes, Roman letters, inverted or placed sideways, were arranged and placed in perpendicular columns."

Here are two alleged accounts, both by eye witnesses. One saw that the paper contained three or four lines of scrawls, unlike any letter or hieroglyphic. The other found that it had Greek, Hebrew, and Roman letters placed in vertical columns. But every facsimile we have seen has contradicted this latter statement by showing horizontal lines instead of vertical columns. In a letter of Feb. 17, 1834, to the Independent, quoted by Mr. Riley, Prof. Anthon says the characters were a "singular medley of Greek, Hebrew, and all sorts of letters, more or less distorted." And the whole ending in a rude representation of the Mexican Zodiac, evidently copied from Humboldt." But in none of the alleged facsimiles we have seen has this feature appeared.

The writer in the Christian Standard differs both with the "local pundit," who declares that the characters resemble nothing, and the New York professor who pronounces them imitations of various alphabets. He claims that they are mere variations of our common figures and letters.

Such is the evidence anti-"Mormons" offer us. It is a mass of contradictions. And on such confused evidence they expect us to feel convinced of error.

Let us take Professor Anthon's account as the text for a question or two. Supposing that the paper shown to him by Martin Harris contained Greek, Hebrew, and other letters, written in perpendicular columns, as the Egyptians sometimes wrote, where did the Prophet Joseph, at that age, get those letters? The dictionaries of that date do not give various alphabets, as they do now, and even if they had, it is doubtful whether Joseph had ever seen one. And where would he have got an idea of the Mexican calendar? It seems to us that Professor Anthon's later is itself a remarkable corroboration of the claim that the Prophet Joseph was an inspired instrument in the hand of the Almighty.

This conviction is deepened by a closer study of the proper nouns given in the Book of Mormon. The word "Labona," for instance, is the name given to the wonderful instrument which pointed the way to the wanderers in the wilderness. "If Jah on" will be recognized as meaning: "To God is strength," or, "God is the source of strength," a most fitting name for that instrument. The word Rabbanah is another of the many

that could be quoted. It is applied to the son of Mosiah after his wonderful exploits at the waters of Sebul. It means "great," "powerful," and its Semitic origin is unmistakable. Where did the Prophet Joseph derive the knowledge necessary to use such words, correctly, if the Lord did not enlighten him?

The truth is that Martin Harris went to Professor Anthon because he desired to find out for his own satisfaction what to think about the work in which Joseph was engaged. It is beyond doubt that the Prophet was conscious that he was not engaged in the perpetration of a hoax, for he would not have given Martin Harris a copy to take to a scholar, had he not been convinced of the divine nature of his mission. It is also certain that the interview with Prof. Anthon was entirely satisfactory to Martin Harris, for otherwise he would not have devoted his life to the work, nor testified to the divine origin of the Book of Mormon, as long as he lived. That testimony is worth a great deal more than the confused statements of anti-"Mormon" writers.

THE DRY FARM BILL.

The bill by Senator Smoot to encourage dry farming, meets with a curious criticism from the Denver Field & Farm.

That paper says the proposed 320-acre homestead enactment does not strike the old-timers very favorably. Section three of the bill is particularly obnoxious, for the claim is that it gives the newcomers an unjust advantage over the old residents. Any homesteaded entryman now occupying lands has the right to enter an additional quarter section lying contiguous to his former entry to a total of 320 acres, and residence upon and cultivation of the original claim is to serve as residence upon and cultivation of the additional entry. "The law, if passed," says the Field & Farm, "would shut out the old-time homesteaders and pioneers because they are mostly already surrounded by private holdings and could not secure any contiguous lands. On the other hand an outsider may come into a new country and take up 320 acres of land, not forced to live upon it, as were the old boys, and accrue just twice as much property." Most of the settlers who have worked hard to bring up the country to a point where it would be desired by later settlers, who have weathered the most trying and crucial years of reclaiming the arid lands, feel that they should at least be given fair treatment and not be debarred as they will be if the law goes through."

If the Denver paper is right in saying that the pioneers are "already surrounded," by their own holdings, they should not be heard to complain. For they probably selected the choice locations, and the evidence that they used good judgment is the statement that the land "next to them" is all taken up. As a writer in the San Francisco Chronicle shows, the proposed new law is based on the assumption that all accessible land of much value is gone, and that those who are willing to take the risk of dry farming should get a proportionate reward if they succeed. On account of the necessity for summer fallow, also, twice as much land is required to produce a given annual outturn as would be sufficient in such land as that for which the homestead act was originally designed.

PEACE DAY.

Elsewhere in this imprint will be found the program for the peace meeting to be held in the First Congregational church on Sunday, May 17, at 4 o'clock p. m. It is an excellent program. Several distinguished speakers will occupy the platform, and there will be some sweet singing, and music.

We understand that a draft of a constitution for a Utah State peace society will be presented to the meeting, and that an opportunity will be given to those who are so disposed, to join the organization which will be a branch of the American peace society. This movement, which was inaugurated by Governor Ogden and a few friends a year ago, and which has the support of leading clergymen and other prominent citizens, should appeal to all classes of people in this city and throughout the State.

There is no more important issue before the world today, not speaking of purely religious questions, than the peace movement. With nations, as with individuals, it is true that, "as a man thinketh, so is he." If nations prepare for peace, they are likely to have peace. The world is slowly moving in the right direction, but when earnest individuals unite in the promotion of peace, the progress toward Millennial conditions will be quickened. We have lived to hear our Secretary of War call himself the secretary of peace; we have lived to see a movement in England for the abolishment of the term "War department" and the substitution of the term "Department of national defense." We have lived to see the establishment of a permanent arbitration court. We may yet live to see the realization of the great ideal, the federation of the world, and the parliament of man. For this ideal the friends of peace are laboring. Utah should lend a helping hand, and a strong hand, for that work.

The meeting in the Congregational church is not the only peace meeting that will be held here on that day. If the suggestions are followed, peace sermons will be preached in the various wards and places of worship throughout the State on that day. Information on the subject is very much needed. It is especially appropriate that from the pulpits of the land a message from the Prince of Peace be proclaimed throughout the world.

ROOSEVELT OR TAFT.

The Republican state convention declared for Roosevelt as the first choice, and Taft for second, for the Presidency, and in so doing it, undoubtedly, expressed the views of the Republicans in Utah, and throughout the West. Frank H. Norcross, Justice of the Supreme Court of Nevada, has recently

said that "no other man has such a hold upon the confidence of the people. No other man can gain such confidence without years of trial. The people know what Roosevelt is. They do not know what some other man may become. The policies of Roosevelt are in course of execution. For, at this time, have reached ultimate conclusions. To place another man at the head of this government would mean, for some time to come, delay, uncertainty, if not possible disappointment, in the successful carrying out of the problems of government. The President has essayed to solve." And that view is shared by multitudes throughout the country.

True, President Roosevelt has declared that "under no circumstances will I be a candidate for, or accept, another nomination," but that can hardly be construed to mean that he must refuse the high office if it is tendered to him by the people, without his seeking. When that ideal condition prevails that the office seeks the man, and not the man the office, the loyal citizen can hardly refuse to accept the call, when it comes. But if President Roosevelt is not re-elected, Secretary Taft, in the President's chair, can be depended upon to continue the policy of the present administration.

Mr. James Creelman has an article in Pearson's Magazine, in which he explains that the President declared his determination not to accept another nomination, in order to remove all suspicion that he was seeking to promote his own interests. "It was intended as a notice to his opponents that their opposition could in no way influence him. What President Roosevelt now hopes is that his policy will be continued. "That is why Mr. Roosevelt wants to see the big, able, courageous, and genial character of Secretary Taft set to the future guidance and execution of the government at tasks already begun. He believes that Mr. Taft is strong enough, sure enough, and tactful enough to hold the confidence of the people and prevent Wall Street from reversing the wheels of progress; that he can neither be fooled, bought, nor browbeaten."

WHENCE COMES STRIFE?

One of the inspired writers of the New Testament very well states that wars and fightings are caused by the carnal desires that are permitted to rule. "Ye lust and have not; ye kill and desire to have and cannot obtain; ye fight and war, and ye have not." In other words, strife is bred by selfishness. This is as true of religious strife, as political, and the competition for advantages in any of life's relations.

As long as men and women seek only the promotion of the welfare of the community in which they live, or the state of which they are citizens, or the church to which they belong, or the firm in which they are partners, there is no danger of strife, or quarrel. Unselfishness is a stranger to discord. But whenever an individual loses sight of the general welfare and community, and becomes for his own interests, the spirit of strife is let loose from the bottomless pit, and there is war. When individuals make their own interests paramount, they become strife-breeders. Selfishness has caused religious persecutions. Men have tortured and killed their fellow men in order to establish their own religious views over those of others. Hunger for offices, for honor, for glory, has driven men to commit murders. Civil wars have originated in selfishness.

Self-sacrifice on the altar of mankind is necessary for the preservation of unity, peace and harmony. The saviors of the world are not the fighters, the strife-breeders, the warriors that know of no higher pleasure than "conquering," by destruction and slaughter, but the "poor in spirit," the "meek," the "peace makers." We are well aware that to many this sounds foolish, but there is no other means by which the world can be redeemed. The kingdom of heaven belongs to the "poor in spirit," the "meek" shall inherit the earth, and the peace makers "shall be called the children of God." This is a law as inflexible as the law of gravitation. Victory through self-sacrifice!

Tolstoy expresses this thought thus: "I feel that I ought to love, and I love myself. But, loving myself, I cannot but feel that the object of my love is unworthy of it, yet not to love is impossible for me. In love is life. "What is to happen? To love others—one's neighbors, friends and those who love us? At first I thought that will satisfy the demands of love, but all these people are in the first place imperfect, and, secondly, they change, and, above all, they die. "What is one to love? The only answer is: Love all, love the source of love, love God. Love, not for the sake of the loved one, nor for one's self, but for love's sake. "It is only necessary to understand this, and at once all the evil of life disappears, and its meaning becomes clear and joyful."

Fernex Laporte, Indiana.

Of the city treasury it may be said, "Empty is the cradle, baby's gone."

Methodist bishops' "best evidence" is very far from being even second best.

Night riders do infinitely more damage to tobacco than do the tobacco worms.

Contractor Moran seems to have the City Council going First South most of the time.

Last night January and May seemed to have joined hands and given people the cold shake.

If the country would save its forests from the wood pulp makers, it must spruce up.

Those who have taken off their flannels and put on their straw hats, have been a little bit previous.

Forest reserves are a good thing and the future will praise the wisdom of the present in creating them.

The revised statutes having been published there should be no room in the State for the unwritten law.

Not only Salt Lake but all Utah is proud of the High School cadets. They

acquitted themselves with elat and distinction.

In making his demands on Congress for certain legislation isn't Samuel Gompers assuming the role of the three tailors of Tooley street?

Both Mr. Bryan and Governor Johnson endorse the President's national resources preservation policy. It is hard to make such a policy partisan, hence the endorsement.

The latest theory is that Mrs. Guinness' farm was a private burying ground. Of that there can be no doubt, but the interments seem to have been made without burial permits.

In her matrimonial advertisement Mrs. Belle Guinness described herself as a "comely widow." Oh! that her correspondents might have heard the warning voice of Weller senior and heeded it.

Once again Captain Richmond Hobson has sounded the tocsin of alarm, saying the Pacific coast demands naval protection. But people finally get so that they can sleep soundly when an alarm clock goes off.

"In America you have many novelists who write interestingly of your peasantry," says Mrs. Humphry Ward. The novels treating of American peasantry are purely works of imagination as there is no American peasantry.

Premier Asquith announced in parliament the other day that during the past year the national debt had been reduced \$30,000,000. Uncle Sam's debt has increased so far in the present fiscal year \$1,500,000. Is it that they do these things better in England?

A CHOICE VOLUME.

[Josephine Spencer.]

Under the title of "A Book of Verse," Alfred Lambourne has published another volume of poetry, uniform in binding form and general design with two others that have appeared before, namely "Piet" and "Holly and Easter-Lilies." The illustrations which appear throughout are the work of personal friends of the author, consisting of his portrait done in red chalk, by M. M. Young, title pages and inscriptions, Lee Greene Richards, and illustrative designs, James T. Harwood and Lee Greene Richards.

All these are artistically conceived and wrought, and aid in the general attractiveness of the book. The poetry consists of two divisions entitled "Three Seasons Flowers" and "Cicadas in Home, Sweet Home," and under the first, Mr. Lambourne has given expression to some beautiful descriptive verse of flowers, the lilac and the rose, in which sentiment and imagination blend in lines as delicate and fanciful in places as those of "A Verse in 'Lilacs' reads thus:

"What line shall this exquisite suggest,
The blanching edge, the flush within
The cell,
A hidden glow, like vermeil hues that rest
Deep in the cold heart of a tropic shell."

And again—
"Some purpose was there in the pre-
sant past—
The dates of transports sent into
our time?
These lilacs seem as from a garden
cast,
Which flourished once within the
happy prime."

"O what the secret that these blossoms
unfold
Which they unto the primal purpose
owe?
O, what the occult life these leaves
unfold
From golden age that antedated
woe?"

"Ah, quick; ah, quick; my irised visions
fade,
My dreamland palace all in ruin lies,
With you, oh, lilacs, I have backward
strayed
To May of youth, and April-weeping
skies."

Mr. Lambourne pays a beautiful tribute to the rose, among the choice verses being this:

"Upon the roses' splendor let me gloat,
Or on fond lips now waste my heart
in sighs;
Love's fullness throbs and bubbles at
the throat,
The sweets of life are mine in rich-
est guise."

Like a true artist Mr. Lambourne has invested his verse with values of dual and occult, in touches of color ranging from hues of oriental richness to delicate gradations of tone in lighter thoughts. There are ideas etched in dim browns, others in ethereal water tints and again flowing in oriental hues as rich as Omar's, and throughout no unsightly splashes mar a page.

Among the verses which stand out in "Cicadas" the latter poem, are these:

"And sounds like steel from out the
darkness flash—

The wakeful creatures, happy of the
night,
Like tiny scimitars the keen notes
clash;
Assail the gloom as though it were
with light.

"Shrill dwellers of the vine thy notes
disperse,
And thou, loved voice, for absence
makest atone;
O, would that I this moment might
coerce
From golden law and make it all
mine own!"

The book is artistic from cover to cover and makes another block in the monument of literary achievement which Mr. Lambourne is building up. He will be congratulated by many friends on this latest poetic effort which is another evidence of the author's versatility. The edition is limited to about 250 copies and these are being distributed among Mr. Lambourne's friends. A very few copies will be for sale in the Deseret News Book store.

THE MAN AND HIS JOB

(By Herbert J. Hagwood.)

When the various industries recruit their ranks each year from the array of college graduates, they show preference for the men who have earned their own expenses while getting an education. Such men usually are possessed with sufficient tact and well guided energy to guarantee them safe transport along the road to success. The training they have received by brushing up against the world in summer and short vacation periods is probably more beneficial to them than the lectures and laboratory work accomplished within the collegiate domain. "I want a chap full of energy, and able to see things," said a prominent employer to me over the telephone the other day. "He must be a college graduate and prove that he earned all, or nearly all, the expenses of his course." This employer, I think, has the correct idea about hiring men who are willing to begin at the bottom and work up. As a rule, the man who earns his way through college has the stuff in him to work his way to the top of a business. He is "full of energy and able to see things." The time he had to work was short, and he was not given the leisure to wait for something to happen. He would pick up a piece of money during the summer vacation, it behooves him to "see things," and see them quick.

JUST FOR FUN.

A Yankee Cut.

Once upon a time Supreme Justice Harlan was traveling in Virginia. He stopped at a newly constructed country hotel. The walls of his room had been freshly calcimined. They shone like the head of the bed was a stain. Some one had thrown a quid of tobacco on it and it had stuck.

"Why, how do you know a Yankee did the trick?" asked a friend.

"How do I know it was a Yankee?" exclaimed the Kentuckian. "Why, can't you see it is fine cut?"

No one in the South chews that kind.

—Washington Star.

Too Clever an Invention.

He was a great inventor. "The thing I am working at now," he began, stroking his thin beard with a thinner hand, "will be a boon to every family and will startle the whole world. In fact, it will put the Alarm Clock Trust out of business. The idea is simply specially prepared tablets that help you get up in the morning. For instance, if you want to rise at 5 you take five tablets; if you want to get up at 9 take six tablets; and so on. But how will it effect the Alarm Clock Trust?"

"Why, these tablets will cause a ringing in the ears at exactly the hour desired."

"But the little crowd could wait to hear no more and hurriedly disbanded."

—Harper's Weekly.

A Matter of Indifference.

A Northern rider going through the West Virginia mountains came up with a mountaineer leisurely driving a herd of pigs.

"Where are you driving the pigs to?" asked the rider.

"Out to pasture 'em a bit."

"What for?"

"To fatten 'em."

"Is that pretty slow work to fatten 'em on grass?"

"Up where I come from we pen them up and feed them on corn. It saves a lot of time."

"Yes, 'spos sa," drawled the mountaineer. "But—what's time to a hawg?"—Everybody's Magazine.

"Does your friend, the editor, give you any encouragement?" asked the would-be poet's friend. "He's never said anything encouraging, but once," replied Reimer, and that was yesterday. He saw me in a brown study and he said: 'A penny for your thoughts.'"

"See the funny young man! What is he wearing?"

"That is a monople, my child."

"And why does he wear only one leg?"

"Gee, but you have a mean disposition. Wouldn't you leave him one eye to see with?"—Cleveland Leader.

From The Battleground of Thought.

The Earth. The earth has had many hard names thrown at it. Mockery. It has been called flat, spherical and oblate. But herefore nobody has accused it of being a hollow mockery. And that is what we have come to now. We have not trod securely over a sphere eight thousand miles thick, spinning beneath our heels an angry sea of savages who cling like flies, head downward, on the opposite side. No; we are promenading upon a shell, within which penguins, sea serpents, four-headed dogs, and talking artichokes dispute for supremacy with unicorns, griffins, and brontosauropotami.

"That's why we write clothes," said the monk of Columbus. Why does the north wind raise the temperature during the Arctic winter? Why did Nansen sail fifteen days through clear water and only advance one degree unless he was sailing round and round inside? Where do the seals and musk-oxen go for their feeding-grounds? Where do the fresh-water icebergs come from? Why do scientists treat the earth as if it were a solid and have to make out that it's three times as heavy as nickel steel in order to make their calculations fit? Why do they admit that the earth is flattened at the poles, and not go further and allow it's hollow? Why is the sun invisible so long at the north and south in winter, unless there's a depression which shuts out its light? What is the Aurora Borealis? Electric lights? Then why don't we meet it all over the earth? It's fires reflected from inside the earth. And the dust that travels all the explorers comes from the volcanoes there. The colored snow is produced by vegetable matter blown out from the interior. The great ice masses come from rivers inside. The tidal waves—I crawled down stairs. I had gone in a sane, strong, angry man; I came out a knee-kneed, wretched creature. When I saw the Pennsylvania railroad excavations, I braced myself against a lamp post. Since then I have been wearing monocles, and banting.—Herbert Dickenson, in Harper's Weekly.

Happiness Not From Wealth.

We have seen many painful examples during the past few years of the X-rays of public investigation have revealed some ghastly spectacles. Of a number of rich men who were in positions of great responsibility, and whose families and who committed suicide, others have died from the effects of the disgrace which they had brought upon themselves and their families, and still others have suffered tortures, not so much because of their wrongdoings, as from the fear of disclosures. A few months ago a prominent man came to me and confessed the things which made me happy. They had what all the world is seeking so strenuously—money. They lived in palatial homes, were surrounded with luxuries, and yet their momentary misfortune came, what they called "happiness" fled as though it had the wings of a bird. These men felt secure because they had that which most everybody is struggling so hard to get. They had supposed themselves so solidly entrenched in the wherewithal of life, so buttressed by their "solid" investments, that nothing could shake them. But, almost in the twinkling of an eye, their foundations slipped from under them, their reputations were ruined, and instead of being the big men they thought they were, they not only found themselves nobodies, but their "happiness" fled with their reputations. It does not matter then, that the great majority of the human race believe there is some other way of reaching the happiness goal. The fact that they are discontented, restless, and unhappy shows that they are not working their problem scientifically. We are all conscious that there is another man inside of us, that there are companies us through life a divine, silent messenger, that other, higher, better self, which speaks from the depths of our nature, and which gives its consent, its "Amen" to every right action, and condemns the wrong. Men and women in all times have tried to bribe the constant monitor, to purchase its approval, to silence it in nervous excitement, to drown it in vicious pleasure, and with drink and with drugs; but all in vain.—Orison Sweet Marden, in "Success Magazine."

Down The Vista Of The Ages.

To those who take an interest in the history of the world, and in glimpsing down the dim vista of time, a day spent in the great museum at Cairo is a day of keen gratification and enjoyment. Entering the splendid and massive vestibule the visitor is immediately in an atmosphere of antiquity, and surrounded with relics both of the ancient and of the modern, and also of the more refined and artistic period of those powerful monarchs whose conquests raised Egypt to the zenith of its power, and whose massive achievements remain to this day almost untouched by the disintegrating and despoiling hand of time. Here, for instance, is a magnificent state chariot, its panels of leather and embossed with warlike figures, or with an artistic design; perhaps the very

chariot on which the Great Ramesses careered at the head of his victorious army through the palm-bordered avenues of Memphis after some great conquest, here a number of cups of value, able jewelry, worn by the queen-princesses of Egypt in those days of regal splendor; or here a series of painted papyri, still fresh and bright, figuring the fanciful experience of the soul after death, and depicting its appearance before a strange and dreadful tribunal, which is to adjudicate upon its final doom. But of infinitely greater interest than any other object in the wonderful museum, are the three mummified bodies—not mummies, but the actual bodies of Egypt's Pharaohs—Seti I, the builder of some of the finest of the temples, the sword-cleft in his skull, by which he was slain in battle, plainly visible. Ramesses the Great, the Pharaoh of the upper Egypt, who ordered the Israelites to be slain without straw; his features flash out in the blue waters of the Nile, as the actual bodies of Egypt's Pharaohs—Seti I, the builder of some of the finest of the temples, the sword-cleft in his skull, by which he was slain in battle, plainly visible. Ramesses the Great, the Pharaoh of the upper Egypt, who ordered the Israelites to be slain without straw; his features flash out in the blue waters of the Nile, as the actual bodies of Egypt's Pharaohs—Seti I, the builder of some of the finest of the temples, the sword-cleft in his skull, by which he was slain in battle, plainly visible. 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